

*The Historie.*

Of all the Court and princes of my blood,  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruind, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically do forethinke thy fall:  
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode,  
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre  
But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
That men would tell their children this is he:  
Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke?  
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,  
And drest my selfe in such humilitie  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,  
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,  
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a roabe pontificall,  
Nere seene but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous shewd like a feast,  
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.  
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
Mingled his royaltie with capring fooles,  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name  
To laugh at gibling boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery beardedle vaine comparatiue,  
Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
Enseoft himselfe to popularitie,  
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfetted with honie, and began to loath  
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little

More

*of Henry the fourth.*

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seene,  
He was but as the Cuckoe is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: Seene, but with such eies  
As sicke and blunted with communitie,  
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.  
Such as is bent on sun-like maiestie,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eies,  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eie-lids down,  
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
As cloudy men vse to their aduersaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gordge, and full.  
And in that very line Harry standest thou,  
For thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge  
With vile participation. Not an eye  
But is a weary of thy common sight,  
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not haue it do,  
Make blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

*Prin.* I shall hereafter my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this houre was Richard then,  
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,  
And euen as I was than, is Percy now,  
Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote,  
He hath more worthie interest to the state  
Then thou the shadow of succession.  
For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harnesse in the realme,  
Turnes head against the lions armed iawes,  
And being no more in debt to yeares, then thou  
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on  
To bloudie battailes, and to bruising armes.  
What neuer dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Dowglas? Whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,  
Holds from al souldiors chiefe maioritie  
And militarie title capitall.

G.I.

Through